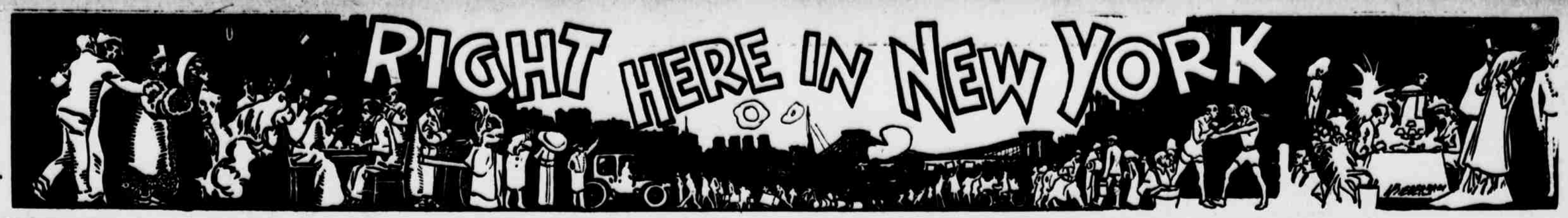


THE EVENING WORLD, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

Fay Templeton Thinks New York's Fog Like Pittsburgh's Smoke

Sometimes the Old Farm Looks Good to Broadway Favorite, but She May Get George Cohan to Write a Play for Her After a Brief Fling in Vaudeville, and So Come Back to St...

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

"*Hello! This is Miss Templeton. Just heard you wanted to see me. Why * * * * Cut off, weren't we? I was going to say—well, I'll give you three guesses, only don't guess in print! How would you like to come up to-night?*"

"*I'd like nothing better.*"

"*All right. Better give you my address, hadn't I? * * * * Yes. Seventy-first. How's that for you?*"

"*Right in my neighborhood.*"

"*Must be respectable, isn't it?*"

"*Hopelessly so.*"

"*Then how did I get in?*"

AND there she was—all the way from Pittsburgh! If there's anything that can lift a man out of his wet shoes on a rainy night it's a lively talk with the bouyant, effervescent Fay Templeton. She came humming down the hall as soon as the door was opened, leading with her cordial right and closing with a hearty grip.

"Pittsburgh couldn't hold you?" I conjectured.

"Sit down and I'll tell you about it," she replied. "It was like this: A man came to see me in Pittsburgh, waved contract before my blinking eyes, and by jinks! here I am."

"Is it the lure of the stage or the temptation of lucre?"

"By watching me closely," she advised, "you will see I have nothing up my sleeve with which to deceive you. Here's the simple truth: I stayed off the stage for six years. Now, I don't care for society, and society doesn't give a whoop for me. I have no children, my husband's business takes him away from home a great deal, and when Mr. Patterson's gone I get lonesome. So I've decided to have a little fling in vaudeville, beginning at Hammerstein's on the twenty-fourth. I'm told they're filling me already in front of the theatre. Perhaps they feel the lady who from time to time insisted she was worrying her head off. "I'll have anything but a centennial. I'm not toothless, physically incapacitated nor mentally unbalanced. But I'm looking forward with fear and trembling to the quick changes I'll have to make in my—I don't know whether to call it my 'act' or my 'turn.' The wonder of the world to me is Eva Tanguay. How that girl makes changes with the quickness she does and comes out smiling with one song after another gets me! I can see myself gasping for breath when I hit the vaudeville pace."

"How long are you going to keep it up?"

"I've taken a flyer for only a week."

"And then are you going to settle down again?"

"I—don't—know," she slowly answered. "I was going to play a long engagement at the La Salle Theatre in Chicago, but it's to be torn down. I was crazy to go there, for it reminded me more of the old Weber and Fields music hall than any other house in this country. The trouble is I don't like rattling around on trains. I never knew what luxurious travel was until the last Weber and Fields tour, but even with our own cooks and attendants the trip didn't appeal to me. I'd like one of those 'Way Down East' things that I could play in for a year at one theatre. I'd make a lot of money, give green stamps at matinees, live on home cooking and be perfectly happy. Ah!"

She sighed contentedly, grew restful and folded her hands in her lap. Then her tropical eyes glowed as she lifted them with the query:

"Would like to know what I'm going to do in vaudeville? Well, I'll tell you one thing I'm not going to do. I shall NOT sing 'Rosie.' But I am going to sing one of George Cohan's old songs. There will be four numbers and a company of eight. I've become a manageress—oh, yes! I'm hiring halls for rehearsals, talking of salaries, but I'm not telling the actors of my gigantic company that I will look after their baggage. At the same time I want to do all I can for them, for I may need 'em to support me after three quick changes in vaudeville leave me limp and helpless."

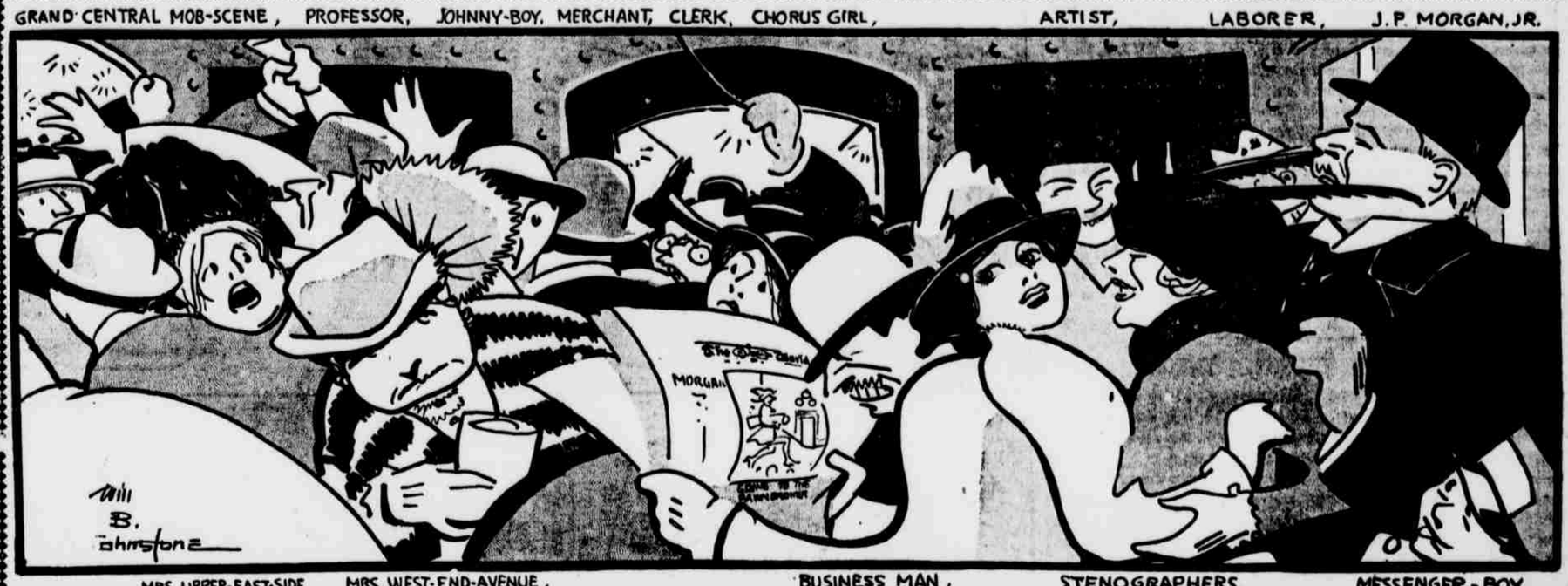
From where I sat I couldn't see her finish, and she herself admitted that her voice had never been in better condition.

"You don't know," she remarked, "how near I came to going in 'The Quaker Girl.' But that's an old story. Here's a new one: I hope to have George Cohan write a play for me. He'll be as surprised as anybody when he reads this. I haven't spoken to him about it yet, but I'm going to get chesty one of these days and ask him to give me a play with one or two songs in it. If anybody can do it, he can. I'd like a character that I could play till I was so old I'd have to be supported on and off the stage. And I don't mind telling you I have a character in mind—got it out of a book. It's a sort of gawk, but not a servant. I've worked too hard to put in the rest of my life dusting furniture."

It occurred to me there could be no dust by this time on the chair I was holding down.

"Well, if you will go out in this rain," said Miss Templeton, "you must take an umbrella. I don't care if you do forget it. But don't forget the twenty-fourth!"

Going Home in the Subway Crush With J. Pierpont Morgan Jr.



An Evening World Artist Gets Jammed Up Against the Active Head of the House of Morgan and Here in Words and Picture Is the Record.

By Will B. Johnstone.

THE PLACE—A subway car, jammed full.

THE TIME—The 5.30 rush hour, Tuesday.

HIS small, bright gray eyes looked down at me and in a flash I recognized J. P. Morgan, jr.

Who could mistake the cut of that face? It was placid and composed, like a Sphinx with a jaw and mouth line as firm as Gibraltar, prominent, ambitious nose, drooping mustache, gray-brown and harmonious, in key with his florid complexion. A man of vital interest, especially to every passenger riding in that suffocating car, many of whom, at that very moment, were seeing his world famous name blazing at them from the headlines of their evening papers.

There stood J. Pierpont Morgan jr., ignominiously caught in the deadly rush hour, the man who a few hours before had given out a statement that his firm's commission for financing the proposed new subway contract would be $4,250,000.

About six feet two in height he stood, broad-shouldered, portly of girth, but in good proportion—a ringer for his father not only in his face but in his dress. He had the Morgan pot-hat derby, black; the same square cornered Piccadilly collar, of thick ply and glossy finish; heavy black silk four-in-hand tie, which sagged untidily from the collar; simple, plain gold scarfpin, simple, plain black overcoat with black velvet collar, rather soiled tan gloves and a plain, straight-handled walking stick.

Incidentally he had been up all night at work on subway matters.

He stood in dignified silence, unaware of my scrutiny. I wondered why he was using the subway instead of a diamond-studded limousine. What did he mean by travelling with the common herd, and of all times during the rush hour? Maybe he was collecting data to incorporate into the new subway contracts that are upsetting the town and the Board of Estimate. I watched him particularly when his eye caught sight of a front page cartoon in The Evening World a passenger was reading. It showed Father Knickerbocker, with his new subway tucked under his arm, mournfully walking into Morgan & Co.'s office, which was shown as a pawnbroker's shop, with the three-ball sign over the door. I suspicioned a human twinkle in the corner of his eye, but the Sphinx never relaxed. Everybody was reading about the subway tangle and nobody was understanding it, I wager.

At Fourteenth street we got a new arrangement as the jam increased. Mr. Morgan found himself cornered by a pretty young woman who stood with her back to him. She had a large velvet hat and the hat had two long stiff quills projecting backward from it like the horns of a billy goat, and as dangerous. Mr. Morgan's face was impaled between them. This was going to be interesting.

We started again and the young lady began an animated conversation with a girl friend. The young lady was very nervous and the car shook her head about to add to Mr. Morgan's discomfiture. The quills began to bob about his face and he was busy trying to avoid them. He tried to follow her movements and was successful at first. He even tried to be dignified, but this was too much. The Sphinx was smiling. Soon he was laughing pleasantly, so was the laborer, so was the messenger boy, so was I and others. The young lady was oblivious to Mr. Morgan's situation. She couldn't have moved if she wanted to, anyway.

For minutes Mr. Morgan's head nodded on. He laughed outright.

"She's going to get me yet," he said to the laborer, and he was right, for first one quill and then the other jabbed the sides of his face.

He looked relieved when we reached Grand Central Station. His smile, however, gave way to a hopeless expression as he surveyed the crowd between him and the door. In a deep bass voice he called out, "I want to get off here." No one noticed him or his exclamation in the noise of the confusion. Passengers were plunging off and on. The guard was shutting the door. Bending his powerful shoulder, he surged through the mass of men and women. They give way slowly. As he emerged from the car I caught a final glimpse of the back of his iron-gray hair and his thick neck, turkey-red from his exertion.

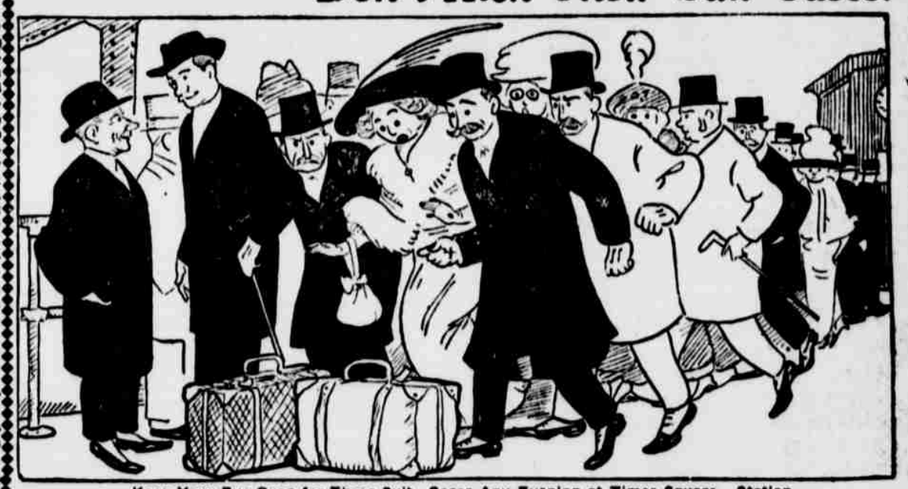
"This is no way to treat royalty," I thought as I rubbed the elbow Mr. Morgan had squashed in his mad plunge to get out.

Heard at the Waldorf

JACK GAULSBURY, mining magnate and big lumber dealer of Nevada, is stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria. He went to Tonopah in the early days and made his pile. He was also in Death Valley and he tells with pride of his struggles there in the early days of that blistering camp.

"I learned some mining there," he said last night. "I worked in the Coffin mine. It was on the graveyard shift. The Coffin mine was located on the east side of the Funeral Range on the edge of Death Valley."

Beware, New Yorkers, These Two Men! Don t Kick Their Suit Cases!



Keep Your Eye Open for These Suit Cases Any Evening at Times Square Station.

THERE were two of them. One tall, thin and in evening dress; the other stocky and in business attire. Each carried a big suit case. One case was of battered grayish leather. The second was of yellow wicker work. (The two suit cases are worth that much description. So are the two men. You are likely to see them any evening at Times Square Station.)

They boarded the uptown subway train. So did a multi-colored army of home-bound theatre-goers. It was 11 P. M.

A suit case in a jostling subway theatre crowd is about as pleasant and comfortable a bit of incumbrance as a sore thumb or a raspberry seed under a set of false teeth.

There two suitcases were kicked and knocked about and stumbled over and jiggled by several hundred people. And every person who thus came into involuntary contact with one or both of the receptacles, glowered at the two owners.

Several women, whose dresses had caught on the corners of the cases, proceeded to wither the two burden bearers with looks of wrath. More than one man who barked his shins on them said quite distinctly what he thought about people who blocked the aisle with such things.

Then the crowd settled to its straps and other precarious holds and formed a close-packed mass about the cases. The two men—the tall and lean and the shorter and stockier—had meekly borne the glares and growls. (They are used to that sort of thing. It happens to them once or twice a week.)

Only once did they show any uneasiness. That was when an unusually heavy kick had elicited from the grayish leather suit case a faint, muffled, purring sound that was unheard in the surrounding din by less acute ears than hers.

"I don't mind the crowding," said the tall man afterward, "I'm used to it. But if people knew what is in those suit cases of ours we'd have a private car every trip."

The tall man was Prof. Dittmars, presiding genius of the Bronx Park reptilie house. His companion was Snyder, the man whose feats in handling venomous serpents furnish New York's Monday morning newspapers with hundreds of columns per year.

They were on their way to Bronx Park from one of the many lectures that Ditmars delivers in various parts of the city throughout the winter. He illustrates these lectures with live snakes and other crawly things. Each snake is kept in a separate white cloth bag. And these bags are carried to and fro in the two suit cases over which subway passengers so often stumble.

Here is a partial "Elite Directory" of those cases' inhabitants:

In the wicker-work receptacle—One gila monster (more dangerous than a whole kennel of rabid dogs); one king snake, one boa constrictor, one glass snake, one chicken snake, one indigo snake, one milk snake.

The battered leather suit case held (besides a lizard, a garter snake, a puff-adder, &c.), one rattlesnake, 6 feet long (it was he who remonstrated against the kick on his domicile by "parring") and one bloated, hideous cotton-mouth water moccasin. The moccasin's venom sacs contain thirty drops of a poison so virulent that a single drop means instant death.

Yes. Those were the pretty pets whose lodging house you people were stumbling over and kicking that night. And many other nights. Quite heroic of you, wasn't it? You make the man who lights matches in a powder factory look like a piker. Next time, though—now that you know the secret—you may be a trifle less heroic. How about it?

Just a Few of the Things You Can Do in New York

HERE are some of the unusual things you can do in New York if you only know it:

Climb 750 feet in the air—if you get a permit from the superintendent of the Woolworth Building at Broadway and Barclay street.

Drop 740 feet below ground—if you get a permit from the State Board of Water Supply to descend the shaft of the aqueduct bore at Broadway and Spring street.

Travel perpendicularly in any one of a half dozen elevators whose exact location must be discovered—to be specific would be embarrassing—at a rate of approximately 100 miles an hour.

Travel horizontally in an aeroplane at Belmont Park at an 80-mile clip.

Ride in a stage from Oakwood Heights, Long Island—still in New York City, remember—to Linoleumville, or from Bull's Head, Staten Island, to East Springfield. There's no other way of reaching these interesting places except by stage; they're not even flag stations on a railroad.

Ride an elephant in the Bronx Zoo, a horse car on West street, a scooter—in season—on Jamaica Bay, a goat cart in the Bronx, or, if particularly adventurous and reckless with your patrimony, a taxicab on Broadway.

Have a nose made of your forefinger or swap leg bones with a Newfoundland dog in any of a dozen well known hospitals. Have a moving picture film made of your stomach an hour after dinner.

See Harry Lauder—if arrangements are made with his manager—break a dollar bill on a bar.